

Have You Seen  
My Magazine?

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 30

October 11, 1919

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Every Friday 11d.

## THE MAN WHO TOLD A LIE

### HOW A FATHER MET HIS SON PILOT'S EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY HOME

Tossing for Hours in the Sea  
DRAMATIC MEETING IN A  
LIFEBOAT

When signals of distress were seen flying from a little boat off the coast of Rhyl, John Hughes senior, who roused the crew and headed the lifeboat out to sea, had no idea of the dramatic surprise awaiting him.

When the Danish ship Uranus left Rhyl the other day she naturally took a pilot, and the pilot took a boat to bring him back—a little motor-boat, carrying two men. It was towed behind the Uranus until it should be wanted. When the pilot's task was done, he wished to board his boat, but the sea was so rough that it was impossible to bring the boat alongside without collision, and to this the pilot would not consent.

#### Drifting Apart

If the boat could not go to him, he would go to the boat; and so, putting on a life-jacket, he jumped into the sea, intending that the motor-boat should pick him up. But the engines of the motor-boat would not start. Having cast off from the Uranus, she fell away, helpless in the turbulent waves, and she and the pilot in the water drifted rapidly apart, while the Uranus, knowing nothing of what had happened, went on.

It was then that signals of distress were sent up from the motor-boat, and the good John Hughes senior set out in the lifeboat for the open sea. In the meantime a fishing smack, seeing the condition of the derelict motor-boat, bore down upon her and took her in tow. But the missing man was by now nowhere in sight, and the lifeboat, seeing the motor-boat safe, turned for home.

#### John Senior and John Junior

But then another boat from the fishing fleet signalled her, not to call for assistance, but to direct attention to a dark object bobbing and struggling in the water a good four miles from the shore. Seeing it, again old John Hughes turned his taut boat's nose; again the sturdy men of Rhyl bent to the oars.

Just in time they came up with the elusive object in the dancing tideway—it was a man, the pilot of the Uranus, booted, life-jacketed, but far spent, and all but dead after three hours' buffeting in the waves. John Hughes senior leaned over the boat and pulled in the drowning mariner, and as he did so, and saw his face, he recognised his own son!

The lifeboat pilot was John Hughes senior; the pilot of the Uranus was John Hughes junior. So, dramatically and joyously, father and son clasped hands, and as with one voice returned thanks to God for what seemed to both a miraculous deliverance.

### Young People of Russia's Young Nation



The pleasant type of young people growing up in the young nations arising out of the break-up of Russia. There is hope that these small nations will soon make peace

### NEW LAND FOR NORWAY AND PORTUGAL

The Peace Conference is moving on. The Commission appointed by the Conference to consider the question of Spitsbergen, a No-man's-land that would be better under responsible government, has decided to recommend that it shall be placed under Norway.

The decision is just, for Norway is the nearest country, with the greatest amount of trade with the northern island, and it has the longest association with it through its seamen.

A small part of what was German East Africa, named Kiunga, has been given by the Peace Conference to our ally Portugal. The Portuguese have always regarded this district as within their "sphere of influence." They bitterly resented Germany taking it;

and they reoccupied it in the early part of the war.

An outbreak that is almost a war has broken out in the Arabian State of Yemen, by the Red Sea. Its ports are Hodeida and Mocha, famous for coffee. Since the war there has been a disturbed state in Yemen; and a British Mission sent from Aden is said to have been captured by tribesmen. A detachment of Indian troops from Aden has, accordingly, occupied Hodeida, and there has been some fighting.

Yemen is governed by a number of Arab chiefs who claim independent power. The country is more fertile than any other part of Arabia, and a large proportion of the people obtain a livelihood from agriculture.

### A NOBODY WHO WAS SOMEBODY The Mysterious N.C.O.

#### TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

A nobody has left the world who proves to have been almost a somebody.

Of himself he was of absolutely no account—a tame, broken old pensioner, who had been a non-com. in the Dutch service, a corporal or sergeant in the Netherland East Indies. But as somebody's brother he is now discovered to have been picturesquely interesting, as the cat on the hearth is interesting to us as the cousin of the tiger.

For this harmless old man, who has died drawing his little Dutch pension, is found to have been the son of A. W. Ludendorff and Cara Henrietta Janetie von Templehoff, and he was brother, therefore, to General Ludendorff.

#### Rise and Fall of Ludendorff

This nobody was brother to the man who, from complete obscurity, suddenly became the most talked-of man in the war; the man at whose word of command the Kaiser strutted across Belgium and made vainglorious speeches, the man who authorised the ruthless submarine campaign, the man who, in his unparalleled egotism, challenged all civilisation in arms, and fell himself at last, bringing the German Empire down with him.

The humble brother, a hired man serving under a foreign flag, could never command even the rank of a second lieutenant, a position held by thousands of British lads during the war; the other brother, the German adventurer, the "tiger's heart wrapped in a Prussian skin," stayed at home, and, by means which still mystify us, rose to a military standing such as no other human being has ever held.

#### ONE OF THE LOST FOUND

##### A Woman's Great Delight

How many thousands have waited, cherishing vague hopes that missing members of their family would some day come home from the wars! And now and again it happens.

It has been so in Brighton, where an assistant in a newspaper shop, who was informed a year ago that her husband was missing, and five months ago that he was dead, saw him pass the shop in uniform, and ran out and claimed him.

He had been in hospital suffering from loss of memory, and was at last well enough to come home on leave, carrying his wife's address in his pocket to help out his memory.

#### DIGGING THROUGH 850 YEARS

The excavations of what is supposed to be Edward the Confessor's Palace at Windsor are being continued, and what is thought to have been a banqueting hall has been reached; but no considerable discovery has yet been made.



## CHIMPANZEES LOOK ON

### Watching a Man Build His House ARE THEY GETTING MORE FRIENDLY TO MEN?

Hitherto the chimpanzee has been a rather secluded and unusual ape who had to be watched with care; but apparently he is beginning to get accustomed to mankind in some districts and to show himself freely.

Mr. Garner, an American scientific observer sent out by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, has been reporting on his experiences in the French Congo. When living on the edge of a vast plain crossed by belts of forest and plots of bush, he frequently saw whole families of chimpanzees out on the open plain, crossing from bush to bush over a mile of clear ground. He says:

They often come within 200 to 300 yards of my house and manifest a deep interest in trying to find out what this new thing is, set up in their midst. I have seen as many as four or five different groups of them in the same day, and one of these contained eleven members.

One very old man has come, on two occasions, within 100 yards of me and scrutinised me very closely, while his wife—as I took his companion to be—appeared very uneasy and suspicious.

On several occasions I have seen the young ones romping and tumbling about on the grass, chasing and scuffling with each other, exactly as you see human children do.

I have never before seen so many chimpanzees as I find here, and I have never seen them so indifferent to the presence of human beings. Even while I was building, and had 18 or 20 natives moving about the place, these reckless apes would often cross the open plain in full view, and with apparent composure.

## TRAGEDY OF 60 ORPHANS

### How the Fathers Might Have Been Saved LITTLE MINDS, LITTLE BOATS, LITTLE CHILDREN

A new law makes it necessary that all ships of 1600 tons and over shall be fitted with wireless apparatus.

One would think that such a precious means of saving the lives of our brave sailors would be used to the greatest possible extent, but many ship-owners whose boats are small, because they are employed only on voyages round the coast, seem to study their pockets more than the safety of the men who work their ships.

They said that wireless was not necessary for a ship that is rarely out of sight of land, that the apparatus is too expensive, and so on. Therefore the Government fixed the limit at boats of 1600 tons. Now a trawler has been lost with her crew of ten in the North Sea, and these ten men leave behind them over sixty fatherless children.

The vessel was not fitted with wireless, but had it been fitted the men might have been saved. A little more wisdom in Parliament and these sixty orphans might have had their fathers still.

#### FLYING HOME

Most of us will probably fly home some day, and an M.P. is beginning. Sir Philip Sassoon has bought an Avro aeroplane, in which he means to fly from London to his home near Lympne. The distance is nearly 70 miles, the railway journey is 90 minutes, and Sir Philip expects to fly in half the time.

## NEWS FROM THE ANIMAL WORLD TOLD BY OUR READERS

### True Stories of Cats, Bees, and Hedgehogs

#### HOW THE CAT GOT THE BACON

What fish is so voracious, and so unthrifty in its diet, as to swallow a seagull, nearly all feathers? The question is asked by a holiday-maker who saw a large fish rise and drag down a gull, slowly swallowing it, while all its companions clamoured loudly around, making most distressful cries.

Edward M. Rees, of Larkfield, Oakworth, has begun to be an outdoor observer. He says:

Walking by a brook I saw an earwig close to an ants' nest. The ants did not like the intruder, and a whole company of them attacked it. It ran away, but the ants were quicker, and, throwing it on its back, stung it to death, and then pulled it into their nest to eat it.

#### A Wise Sheep

The sheep is often considered a rather silly animal because it is such an unthinking imitator, but even a sheep can show intelligence when it is brought up familiarly among people. An instance comes from Lancashire, where a farmer, Mr. John Greenhalgh, reared a pet lamb.

While shepherding on the moors Mr. Greenhalgh slipped, fell, fractured his thigh, and lay in a lonely place, helpless and in pain. When he was missed his people started to search the moors.

Their search was not long, for their attention was quickly attracted by a sheep racing round a figure on the hill and bleating anxiously. It was the disabled farmer who lay there; and his pet lamb was doing all in its power to summon assistance.

The lamb had had a chance of learning more than most sheep know of the ways of men, and such wits as it had were sharpened by affection.

#### A Cat's Curiosity

A Scottish lady writes:

I was so much interested in your true animal stories that I felt I would like to tell one about my cat, which I think shows great intelligence.

She was a curious beast, and one of her daily doings was to jump on the window-seat and look out whenever she heard a foot pass.

No matter what she was about at the time she would rush to the window and watch who was going by. If it was a friend she would arch her back, look pleased, and crane her neck.

But this is the real story. One day she wanted some cold bacon I had put on a plate on the table. She tried to help herself, and got smacked. I put the plate farther away from the chair on which she sat, and set it on a newspaper.

I turned aside to the stove for a few seconds, knowing she would not venture to climb on the table. But a corner of the newspaper happened to be convenient to her side of the table; and I stood speechless when I saw her with this corner between her teeth drawing the paper towards her, and, of course, the plate with it. When she got the bacon near enough she pounced on it and carried it off.

#### More Hedgehog Stories

Nelly Macfarlane, writing from near Midhurst, Sussex, tells how she has been making friends with the hedgehogs in that district.

I have been staying in the country this year, and have been very much interested in the many hedgehogs.

One huge one came one night. He must have been thirsty, for he drank a great deal of water, lapping it up like a dog, with a funny little red tongue. We fed him with cheese and biscuits, which he much enjoyed.

Afterwards, every evening we went into the woods, and heard them pitter-patter about on the dry leaves. They are quite tame, but can run quickly.

I tracked a small hedgehog one day to its home—such a funny little house made of leaves! I put my hand in, and the nest was warm, and there he was, fast asleep, warm and cosy. Now he comes every night, punctually at ten, and never misses.

#### The Bee in the Clothes-Post

A lady writing from near Birmingham says:

In my garden is an oak clothes-post which we brought from Southampton, and in it are a number of holes large enough to admit a quite thin pencil. Every spring when the cherry-trees are in blossom we find that every hole has a living inmate. This is the story of the holes as far as I know it.

One day my husband called me to see a bee at work stopping up a hole with clay. While we watched it the other bees flew back loaded with more clay, which was put on the top of that already there until it was level and smooth.

And each year out comes a young bee. Then, after a time—a week or longer—the holes are filled up again.

I wonder if the bee is a rare kind. Did it find the holes or make them? I counted five this year, all looking out of separate holes at once.

#### Mother Cow

A lady writes from a village in Sussex:

The other day her owner wished to take a mother cow and her baby into another field, but she had grown attached to the place where she had nurtured her young one, and refused to go.

The men tried various ways of coaxing her through the gate, and once they succeeded, but she changed her mind; just as the gate was to be closed after her she thrust her nose through and raced back. When at length they got her back into the enclosure, she played a nice game of hide-and-seek round the haystacks, and gave the men as much trouble as she could.

Finding at last that her fractiousness was of no avail, she followed the cart which contained her baby, though not without loud bellows of protest as she was escorted out into the lane.

## CIGARETTES

By the Children's Doctor

One of the stupidest things boys or girls can do is to smoke cigarettes. We have asked our doctor to explain the reason why.

A cigarette in a boy's life is just as much out of place as a cigarette in a rosebud. It has no right to be there.

Every boy and girl who is worth anything wishes to grow big and strong, and to have a fresh and clear complexion, with white teeth and a strong heart, and it is quite certain that if boys and girls smoke cigarettes it will, to some extent, stop their growth, spoil their complexions, discolour their teeth, and weaken their hearts.

Intelligent boys and girls will not spoil their figures, their complexions, their teeth, and their hearts for the sake of the very small pleasure of drawing tobacco smoke into their mouths and puffing it out again. Surely a girl values her beauty more than that; surely a boy would get more pleasure by winning a race than by smoking!

Even grown-up athletes who wish to win races give up smoking, because they know that smoking weakens their hearts and makes them short of breath; and smoking does much more harm to growing boys and girls than to grown-ups.

Not only does smoking spoil the figures, the complexion, and the teeth of young people, but it also often causes great irritation of the back of the throat, and produces symptoms of indigestion, and makes the hands shaky.

When boys grow old and when their athletic days are done, when girls grow old and when their beauty is faded, there will be little consolation for the joy of life they may have lost for the sake of a few cigarettes.

## STARS TELL TALES NORTH POLE'S UNSTEADY WAYS

### Floating Telescope Which Finds It Out

#### A WONDER OF GREENWICH

The whole world is troubled, and even the North Pole is not as staid and steady as one would expect a North Pole to be. It moves; it changes its position; it is here today and there tomorrow.

This must always have been so, without our knowing about it. When popes and cardinals and priests tried to convince Columbus and Galileo that the earth is a great plain, placid in the centre of the universe, with sun, moon, and stars obediently moving over and under it day and night for ever, the earth was actually rotating round its axis at a thousand miles an hour, and revolving round the sun at a speed of 68,000 miles an hour; and the North Pole was at the time swaying to and fro. Nobody knew then, but we today may all know the great secret.

#### Prying on the North Pole

Greenwich Observatory is in communication, by eye, with the stars, and some of these stars have been telling tales out of school about the unstable North Pole. That is what it comes to. How can Greenwich in smoky London conspire with the stars to pry upon the secrets of the Pole? It does.

The earth rotates upon its own axis, we say, and that axis is an imaginary line drawn through the centre of the globe, with the North Pole at one end, and the South Pole at the other.

But scientific imagination carries farther than that, and contemplates a North Pole continuing out into space to a point in the heavens close to the pole star, in the northern hemisphere, round which the stars, owing to the earth's rotation, appear to revolve. We cannot measure from the North Pole itself, but we can determine our distance from it by observing how much the point of the heavens directly above us is removed from the Pole Star.

#### What the Telescope Reveals

Now for the triumphant discovery. Greenwich Observatory has a wonderful new telescope floating in a bath of mercury. By means of this delicate instrument photographs are taken of the stars in the zenith. Minute apparent changes in the position of those stars are in this way recorded.

That is to say, the position of the stars in relation to the North Pole line changes a little. But the wise men of Greenwich know that it is not truly the position of the stars which has altered; it is the position of the Pole which has changed.

The movement of the Pole is actually not greater than 70 feet at a time, but the stars in the unthinkable depths of the sky declare the record, and our seers note it down, and use the information for determining the variation of latitude at Greenwich. E. A. B.

## MAKING MORE THINGS

### How to Bring Back Prosperity

Business men, especially manufacturers, are making determined efforts to stop all waste, as the nearest way to prosperity through economy.

In Derby, at the Derwent Iron Foundry, every process is being studied for the sake of securing economy in movements. Each piece of work was done with the fewest movements that would ensure good workmanship, and the result was a great quickening of work when it was done in the best manner. There was a rise from 3000 articles manufactured weekly to 20,000.

An hour a day was taken from the men's work, yet they earned three times as much money as before the war.



# New Film-Story Coming On—Adventures of Dolly and Ebenezer

These pictures are from a bright new story film called "Dolly's Vacation," shown by Messrs. Pathé Frères. The part of Dolly is played by Marie Osborne, who seems really to enjoy playing her merry pranks on the screen. The whole picture is full of simple fun and bubbling laughter.



Mother was away and Dolly bullied the household, but Daddy would not have her at his works



Dolly, however, took French leave. "No admittance" did not apply to her



Parasols are not good for the insides of complicated machinery, and the foreman stopped Dolly's investigations



Typing a letter to Mamma kept her out of mischief for a time



Then the arrival of a deputation of workpeople with a threat of a strike cut short Dolly's office career



Dolly's faithful shadow, little Ebenezer, while waiting for her at the gate, had found a novel solution of the housing problem



Fearing a strike and possible violence, Daddy packed his daughter off to his brother's farm



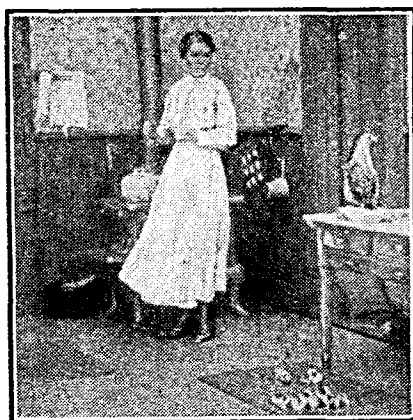
Dolly began experimenting, but could not understand why old Rosey refused to give them a drop of milk; and Ebenezer pumped so hard!



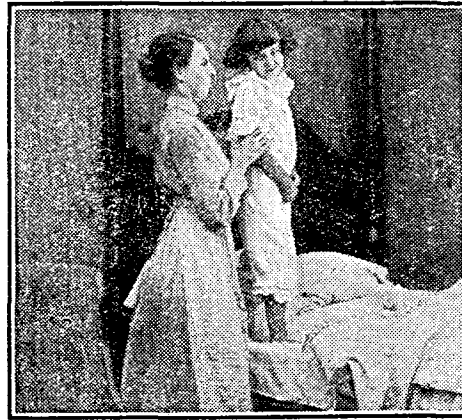
Both the children had a great time with the chicks, and the old hen enjoyed her visit to the vegetable garden



Next they fed the fowls, and the place was soon alive with hens clucking, delighted with the unexpected freedom



The appearance of a proud mother and her family in the kitchen made the housekeeper realise that something was wrong somewhere



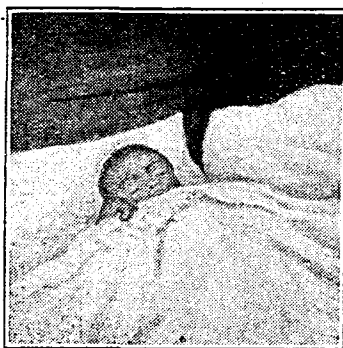
Both culprits were smacked and sent supperless to bed; but Dolly had had such an exciting day that she hardly cared



Besides, tender-hearted old Nanny made sure her naughty darling did not starve to death



Ebenezer was used to smackings, and was soon dreaming of melons



Which explained his spending most of the night chewing his counterpane



Toby, the farm-hand, left his boots outside, so they nailed them down



And how they laughed when Toby tried to walk away!



The tap of the cider barrel was just handy for fixing up a swing



But Uncle's patience had a limit, and this had reached it



"Take the children and send me the strikers!" he wrote to his brother



But the little adventurers ran away into the forest



And sought consolation in a jar of jam—which proved to be soft soap!



Lost and in despair, they heard the car, and in it was Mamma!



## THE PLANT HUNTER USEFUL LIFE ENDS IN A CHINESE RIVER

Carrying New Plants to the  
New World

### ONE MAN'S GREAT RECORD

A well-known hunter of plants has been drowned in the Yangtse River, China. He was Frank N. Meyer, who went out on plant exploration for the United States Department of Agriculture, a department which sets an example of enterprise that our own Ministry of Agriculture might well copy.

Frank N. Meyer, whose wanderings now finished are creating much interest in America, was born at Amsterdam, whence he began his travels by crossing the Alps on foot to see the changes of plant life down to the Mediterranean.

Then he explored America and Mexico on foot, and finally roamed the world about as an agent of his adopted country for the acquisition of more and more useful plants.

### Helping Nature

Now in many parts of America the imported plants sent from the Old World by Meyer are prospering in thousands. His introductions include a new hickory, Chinese elms, the Kashgar ash, the Chinese chestnut, the white-barked pine, the globular-headed willow, a new lilac, and among fruits and food plants the Chinese persimmon, the cultivated haw as large as small crab-apples and good for jam-making, the native juerbe as large as an apricot, the edible bamboo that grows young shoots as good for eating as asparagus, many varieties of beans, the Pekin pear, Tangei cherries, the Manchuria spinach substitute, the wild peach, and others.

This is a part of one man's record, a practical result of adventurous travel, for aims wholly innocent and very useful. His example calls aloud to all who delight in travel in only partly-known lands, but they must first of all have a wide knowledge of plant life, to know what species are old and what new in civilised countries, and which products are likely to grow after transplantation and be useful or beautiful.

### Vulgar Love of Killing

It is sad to think that the spirit of adventure which is natural to nearly all people of British birth is so often associated with the needless slaughter of animals. Matthew Arnold, a polished writer who sometimes used corrosive ink that burned the people he criticised, said that whenever the leisured class of Englishmen wanted amusement they asked each other "What can we kill?"

The desire to kill something fresh, or more of it than anyone else has killed, has taken our sportsmen over nearly all the lonely places of the world, and has increased considerably our knowledge of the world. But there are other sound inducements for travel, and one of the soundest of them is the need for a search for valuable plants, under all climates, in every kind of soil.

### Roaming the World

Many of the trees, shrubs, grasses, cereals, flowers, fruits, roots and vegetables we cultivate have been brought from foreign lands, and sometimes improved greatly here, and the process of interchange of things worth growing between land and land ought to be quickened everywhere.

But for that to be done it is necessary that searchers should roam the world, its inhabited and uninhabited parts, and not only notice what is growing anywhere that might be cultivated elsewhere with advantage, but promptly bring away seeds and cuttings. Here is a splendid chance for adventurous travel without killing anything.

## HOW TO SEE THE ALPS Safest Way to the Peaks NEW ENJOYMENTS IN SWITZERLAND

The airmen of the Swiss army have made extraordinary landings on the highest of the Alps during the summer.

In the last attempt a machine was crashed on a snowfield of the beautiful Jungfrau. The pilot was driven out of his course by a gale, and although his aeroplane was wrecked, he escaped injury and could have saved his machine had it been fitted with runners like a flying sledge.

All these experiments were designed by the Air Chief of Switzerland for military purposes, but out of it has now been developed a new holiday sport.

Military posts on the mountains will be extended, and squadrons of airmen will be ready to fly up with machine-guns, ammunition, food, and fuel, and to carry parties of machine gunners to the high outpost positions which invading infantry will be unable to reach; but in the meantime the commanding landing-places will be used for taking tourists on flying trips above the wonderful panorama of glaciers and snowfields.

By this new method of Alp-climbing by air, ordinary holiday-makers will be able to reach great heights in a few minutes. At present, the cost of these flights is high, but when the new service is completed fares will be much reduced, and more machines employed for landing passengers on the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, and other famous peaks.

## LOOKING OUT OF THE TRAIN

### A Man Who Discovered a Fortune

There is always something to see from the train; this is the story of a passenger who saw a fortune.

An engineer in South Africa, who had no knowledge of geology, built the bed of a railway track out of some stone he found in the neighbourhood.

Some little time ago a mining expert travelling on this line looked out of the window and noticed the bright colour of the stone which made up the track. When the train stopped he went back along the line to make an examination, and found that the stone, of which there were hundreds of tons, was cinnabar, a very valuable mineral from which nearly all the mercury and quicksilver of commerce is extracted.

More than 86 per cent. of the rock is mercury, and the railway company have a fortune in their track.

## OUR OLDEST ORPHANAGE Lord Mayor's Big Family

One of the glories of our country is the number of orphanages that care for fatherless children, and are supported freely by generous-hearted people. Some of these splendid institutions are known to almost everybody in the land. But do you know which is the oldest orphanage of all?

It is the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, London, in which the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir Horace Marshall, is the moving spirit, and to which he gives much of his precious energy and time.

It was founded 161 years ago, and can provide a home and education for 400 fatherless boys and girls, who remain till they are 14 or 15. The orphanage needs £14,000 a year if it is to carry on its noble work properly, and all kind-hearted people may well bear it in mind. It is doing the very best kind of work by making trained citizens of fatherless children.

*Pictures on page 12*

## WHY THINGS ARE DEAR What Paper Money Means HOW A TREASURY NOTE AFFECTS A SOVEREIGN

We must get back to gold, says Sir Alfred Booth, Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Line. He thinks there is too much paper money. What is paper money?

If I owe two men a sovereign each and have only £1 in my pocket, I may write on two pieces of paper, "This represents £1," and give one to each man, and they may accept them. Meantime I keep my £1 in my pocket.

It looks as if we now had £3 between us, but we have really only £1 still. The three of us are no better off than we were before, and although we may go out to the shops and spend what appears to be £3, it is only worth £1, and we can only expect £1 worth of goods.

It will not be long before the shopkeepers notice this, and give us only the same amount of goods for our so-called £3 as they once gave for £1.

### What Inflation of Currency is

This is what is meant by inflation of the currency, a phrase much used in newspapers. The British Government during the war was compelled to do this very thing on a large scale.

But the time comes when the two men who have my pieces of paper come to me and say: "This is only paper; now we want gold, or the proper value in materials or goods." If I still have not the gold or the goods, what shall I do? I may say to the creditors, "Well, if you will wait a bit longer, I will in the meantime give you each fresh paper, representing £1 5s. for your £1, so that you will gain by waiting." This may be repeated several times, but the total wealth of all three is still the £1 in my pocket.

### More Paper, Higher Prices

If I gave out 100 pieces of paper, as they have done in Russia and Germany, the paper would steadily go down in value, which is the same thing as saying that prices would go up.

Now, if I set to work, and, instead of writing out pieces of paper, make useful goods, tools, machinery, or furniture, or grow corn or vegetables, or make a suit of clothes, or dig minerals from a mine, then when my creditors come I can say to them: "I have not enough gold, but here are 100 bushels of wheat, a ton of turnips, a load of coal, a suit of clothes, two pairs of boots, and a sewing-machine. Each of you take some of these goods, to the value of your paper, and give me back the paper, and I will burn it." Then prices will resume their proper level, and we shall all go on happily.

### How to Pay Our Debt

This is why it is necessary now for everybody to work his hardest, now and for years to come. We have issued thousands of millions of paper sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and as long as these continue to be issued in excess of our real wealth, prices will continue to go up; and while we may seem to have lots of money in the country, what we really have is lots of debt, for our wealth is not increased at all by the paper issue, while our debt is. Sooner or later the debt will have to be paid, and it must be paid with the goods we make, the minerals we get, the crops we grow, or the services we render to the world—by carrying goods, for instance. J. C.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY HAPPY RICH GIRL OF NEWGATE PRISON Tragic Widow of Revolution BATTLE WHICH CHANGED OUR HISTORY

- Oct. 12. Elizabeth Fry died at Ramsgate, 1845
- 13. Canova, Italian sculptor, died in Venice, 1822
- 14. Harold killed at Hastings, 1066
- 15. Torricelli, barometer inventor, born in Italy, 1608
- 16. Marie Antoinette beheaded in Paris, 1793
- 17. Chopin, Polish composer, died at Paris, 1849
- 18. Retreat from Moscow begun, 1812

ONE of the bravest women who ever lived was Elizabeth Fry, and she gave her life to make our prisons fit to live in.

She took up the work laid down by John Howard, the prison philanthropist. Born in a rich and happy home, her heart was stirred with pity for the poor, and she started schools, and managed a class of 70 children when she was 17.

But it was her prison work that brought her immortal fame. In those days the Governor of Newgate Gaol dare not go into the prisoners, so wild and depraved were they; but Elizabeth Fry went among them alone, and she was one of the first redeeming influences in that horrible prison life.

### Widow Capet

MARIE ANTOINETTE, the beheaded queen of France, is one among the dozen women from all history most written about. That is because she was unwise, unfortunate, hated and wronged, yet brave. She was a victim of the circumstances that shaped her life.

A daughter of the royal house of Austria, she was reared by her ambitious mother, Maria Theresa, to be the queen of France, and she married the heir to the French throne when quite a girl.

She arrived in France when its people were in a state of deepest misery, and her gay extravagance jarred on them terribly. They blamed her for things quite beyond her control. They told each other that when she heard the people had no bread she said, "Then why don't they eat cakes?"

When the Revolution came she gained some favour by her bravery, but she gave bad advice to her weakling of a husband, who now was King, and would not think of granting popular liberty. So he was beheaded first, and then she suffered a like fate, under the name of the Widow Capet—the King's family name.

### Canova

ANTONIO CANOVA, the most popular of modern Italian sculptors, born in 1757, was dedicated to sculpture from his boyhood, and never lacked patrons to help him on in his career.

His family for generations had been stonemasons and sculptors. He put aside the trivial fashions of the sculptors of his day, and returned to a study of Nature and towards the simple dignity and beauty of the classic masters.

After the fall of Napoleon he acted as representative of Italy in bringing back the works of art the conqueror had stolen and carried to France. He was generous by nature, and immensely popular with his countrymen. His standing as a sculptor remains high among modern artists, but he did not quite get rid of the artificiality of the Italian school, and artificiality is worse in sculpture than in any form of art.

### Hastings

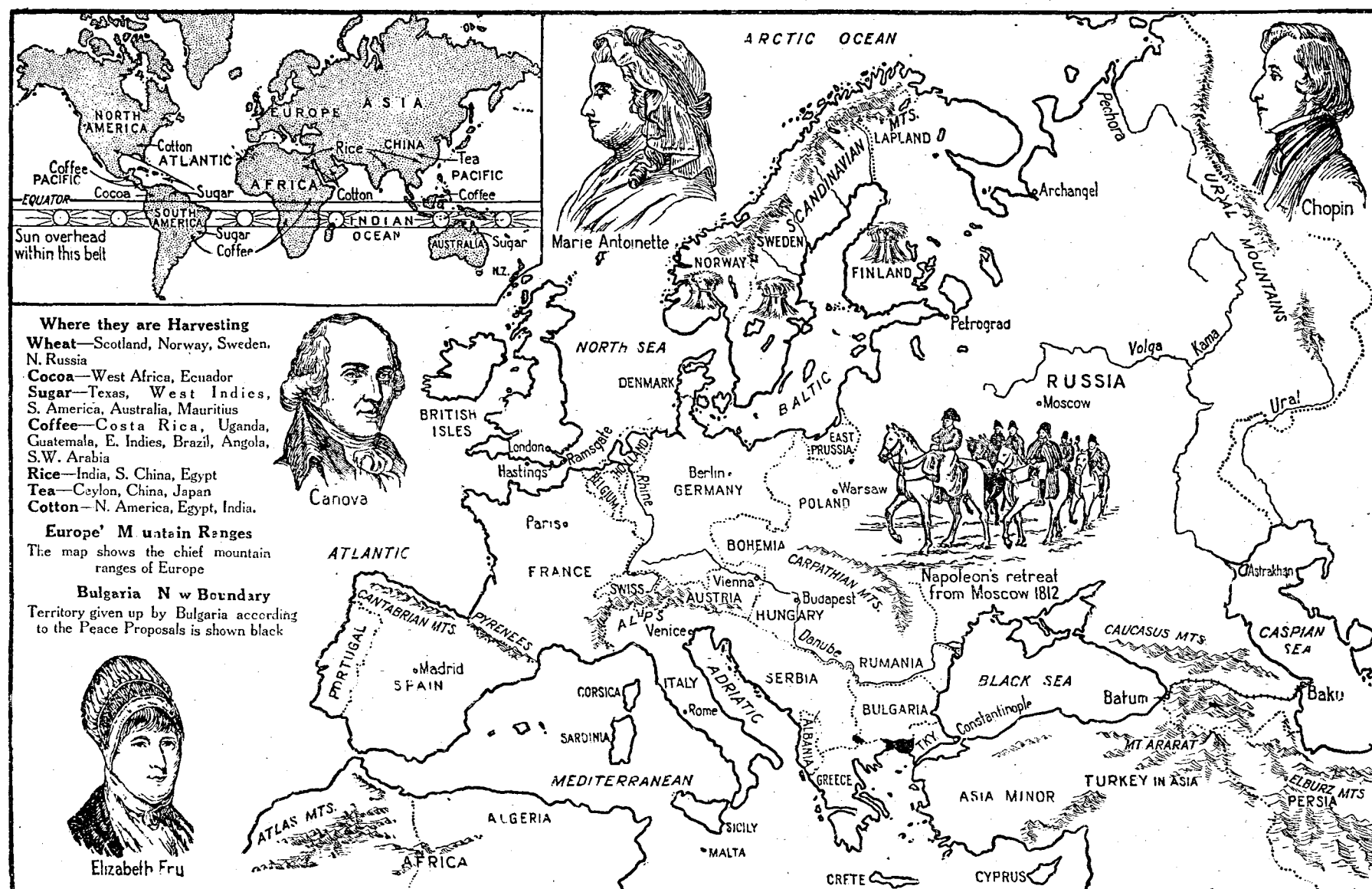
THE Battle of Hastings was perhaps the chief turning point in English history. It brought a higher form of civilisation into the country.

Hastings also introduced that mixture of French with the Saxon tongue which gave our language ease and fluency in place of the ugly German grammar.

Norman and Saxon became so amalgamated as the centuries went on that it is a mistake to regard the Normans as aliens in our ancestry. They form an essential part in the mixture that is now the British nation.



## PICTURE-MAP OF EUROPE, SHOWING HARVESTS & NATURAL & HISTORIC EVENTS



## PENITENT NATION

### Bulgaria Confesses Her War Crime

Two of the countries that made war on the world have had the good sense and good heart to admit a fault and express sorrow for it.

The present Austrian Government confesses the wrongs done by the old Austrian Government which made the war, and Bulgaria pleads that she was misled by her ambitious ruler Ferdinand, and was, further, to blame for fighting in a cruel way. Bulgaria is willing to make amends, and she trusts the victorious Allies to treat her as mildly as they can. That was the tone of her envoy who went to Paris to receive the terms of the Peace Conference.

Those terms take away from Bulgaria in the south a large tract of land which she had recently acquired from Turkey, and give Greece and Serbia a defensible mountain frontier. Bulgaria loses her Mediterranean coast, but the Allies will arrange for her a passage to the Mediterranean, so that she will not be confined for a sea route to the roundabout way through the Black Sea. She must also pay a large indemnity for 37 years. It is a heavy fate, which Bulgaria well deserves; but the spirit in which she bears it compares favourably with the unrepentant sullenness of Germany.

## AFRICAN ENTERPRISE

An African tribe in Northern Babunda long ago discovered how to make cloth from the fibre of the raphia palm, and all except the infants are clothed with this material.

These clothmakers are fond of music, and sing better than any other tribe on the Congo. Many of their musical instruments will shortly be seen at the British Museum.

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS MEN

### Canadian to Control Finance

The arrangements for working the League of Nations, the most hopeful body that the wisdom of statesmen has ever formed in the world, are going on steadily. The future happiness of mankind will depend largely on the men who start and manage the League.

We should all know something of them, and it is interesting to see that a new officer of the League has now been appointed—the financial director.

He is a Canadian, Sir Herbert Ames; and again it seems that a wise selection has been made.

Sir Herbert Ames is a member of the Canadian Parliament, a banker of wide experience, and has been organiser of the Canadian fund of £10,000,000 for the wives and dependents of Canadian soldiers. It will be his duty to control the expenditure of the League of Nations, and to collect from each nation its proper share of the expense.

These appointments show that the League is laying a sound foundation in its appointments.

## WALKING ON THE BED OF THE SEA

An American inventor has constructed a submarine that goes to the bottom of the sea to bring wrecks and their cargoes up, and that will, he thinks, dispense with divers.

A hydraulic pump will suck the cargo out of the wrecks. The men who work the submarine will not need to wear a diver's costume, yet will be able to walk on the bottom of the sea, their feet in the water and their bodies in the submarine.

## THE CIGARETTE END

A London girl holidaying by the sea has had her holiday tragically ended by some careless smoker, who little knows the wrong he has done. She was set on fire by a burning cigarette thrown from the cliffs at Ramsgate.

## KUBIN ON THE TEMES

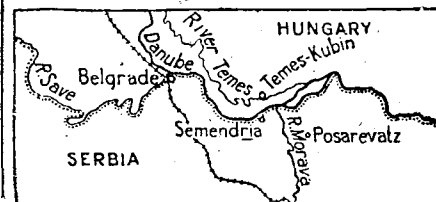
## The Place of the Lie that Started the War

Where and what is Temes-Kubin? It is a small town that was hardly known outside its borders before the war, but will live now in history because of the infamy with which it is linked.

It is the place where the Serbians were said to have attacked the Austrians and so began the war, and because of this attack the aged Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, was persuaded to sign the declaration of war by Austria-Hungary against Serbia. But no such attack had taken place; it was all an invention by Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, to deceive his aged Emperor into agreeing to the war—a deliberate lie that actually began the war-explosion which shook the world.

Kubin is a Hungarian town built on an island on the northern side of the River Danube, about fifty miles below Belgrade, where the valley of the River Temes slopes down to the Danube.

Though the valley carries a railway into the interior of Hungary, it is a



### **Temes, the place of the fabled battle**

quiet and remote place, about which a false statement could be made without a likelihood of an immediate contradiction, and Count Berchtold, no doubt, thought of this when he used it to force a war on which he had set his mind.

## MR. WILSON'S BIG CROWD

## Talking to Fifty Thousand People

One of the great changes that will come about in the future will probably be in public meetings.

The biggest hall in England holds about twelve thousand people, and that is probably as great an audience as a man can effectively speak to. It has long been possible for a telephone to carry a speaker's voice from the meeting place to a distance, and men sitting in London have quite clearly heard the voice of a speaker at a meeting hundreds of miles away.

Then came the megaphone, picking up the little voice in the telephone and magnifying it so that it might be heard by another great meeting. Already, by means of the megaphone, a mighty concourse of people have heard a message delivered from an aeroplane over Washington, and there are, no doubt, great possibilities in this new device.

What is interesting at the moment, however, is quite another development altogether. We read of it in President Wilson's League of Nations campaign. Mr. Wilson was speaking at San Diego, and we read that there were fifty thousand people listening to him in the Stadium there.

No man's voice could reach so vast an audience without some scientific aid, and it seems that Mr. Wilson spoke from a platform enclosed by glass, his words being carried to the distant edges of the Stadium by means of an electrical device. The experiment does not seem to have been an entire success, but it may well be the beginning of an age in which orators will address such mighty multitudes as no man ever dreamed of speaking to.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 11 1919

## Seeds

WE often hear a father or a mother saying, "I am sure there is a lot in the boy." In every boy there is a lot; but the thing is to find it and get it out.

There is a lot in a little seed; there may be an oak tree, or a turnip, or a rose; but until the oak or the turnip or the rose comes out of the seed, there is not much to rejoice in or boast about.

The most wonderful seeds in the world are the millions and millions of tiny cells in the brain and spinal column of a child. They do not grow into oaks, but they grow into deeds and thoughts and dreams. Every child has these amazing seeds within his skull, and the father and mother are quite right when they think that "the boy has a lot in him."

He has a great lot in him, but even his father and his mother do not know all that is in him—what seeds of goodness or greatness his little head may contain. Once Shakespeare was a little boy, and no doubt his father and mother, like most fond parents, thought him the most wonderful boy in the world, but they certainly did not know that in his little head were seeds that would grow into King Lear and Hamlet.

But the seeds in the brain do not grow like the seeds in the garden; they require that intensive form of cultivation known as education, which is an effort to get out of the seeds all the good things in them. Boys and girls often think that education is putting things into their heads, and that is partly true; but things are put into their heads chiefly to get things out. Shakespeare put books into his head; but the books he put in brought better books out.

And it is not enough to put books into our heads; we have been given a wonderful faculty called Will, which makes it possible to choose the good seeds in our head, and to reject the bad ones. A good patient Will that tries hard can bring beautiful and wonderful things out of the brain-seeds, until the heart and mind are like a glorious garden of God.

Let every boy and girl know that there are splendid things in his head, or in hers—perhaps music, perhaps poetry, perhaps great new truths, perhaps beauty in line and colour; and let them work hard to ripen them and bring them to blossom. Work, and who knows what surprising things may come to birth?

Thy life is thine to make,

O happy, happy thou!

What seeds will springtime take,

What buds will summer wake,

'Tis thine to order now.

BOTH spring and summer wait

Thy bidding and decree;

Thou hast the seeds of Fate,

The infinite estate

Of all eternity



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## The Dream of Life

WHO does not like those beautiful words left by a doctor who went out into the universe the other day? He wished to be buried dressed as if in life, and on the stone above his grave he wished to have these words:

"Peace, peace! He is not dead; he doth not sleep. He hath awakened from the dream of life."

That is a great and noble faith that sees life as a dream, leading us to the Great Reality.

## Proverb of the Day



To those who think that because we have won the War we have won the Peace:

The race is won by running

## Unnecessary Orphans

"SAFETY first" is a motto for us all, for governments and peoples too. One of the worst things the Government has done for many years was to abolish the rear lights on vehicles—a safety device adopted after many years of experience with damage and loss of life. It is dangerous, and stupid too, that vehicles of any sort should be allowed to move along dark roads with no indication of their presence to those who come up behind, yet the Home Office has within the last few months abolished this wise rule of public safety.

Now comes the first of the long line of accidents that must follow. Some little child's mother has been killed for want of a light on the back of a bicycle.

Will some wise man in Parliament please think of these things and act in time to save another tragedy like this? We note in another column the case of the orphans made by the neglect of wireless at sea. Surely we have better use for mothers and fathers than to kill them by carelessness. Orphanages are good things, but we do not want unnecessary orphans.

## Getting and Spending

GETTING and spending we lay waste our powers, says Wordsworth, and certainly the Government has been laying waste our powers by spending. But it is beginning to take care of the pennies, whatever it is doing with the pounds. Mr. Winston Churchill used to ride in a Rolls Royce, then he rode in a Ford, and the other day we saw him walking. It is wonderful!

## In the Station and on the Kerb

WILL the Profiteering Tribunals call at the great main line stations in London? We asked for a banana the other day at King's Cross, and they were 4½d. Apples and pears were 5d. Outside, on the kerb, all were selling at good quality at half the price.

## Why Not Be Friendly?

WHAT a stiff race we English are! A friend of the Children's Newspaper travelled a hundred miles this week with five other people, and made two attempts to speak pleasantly, but only received two syllables in reply. And nobody else spoke to anybody else all the way, as there were no soldiers in the compartment. The soldiers talk. They understand friendliness.

Yet really most people do not like their own grumpy silences. That was shown in the Tube the other day, when a tiny girl, getting out, waved her hand to the carriage full of silent people, and piped out, "Good-bye everybody!"

And everybody smiled back, while some said "Good-bye," and others said "God bless the child!" and the language of the heart flooded the place and overwhelmed for a minute its stodgy dullness and indifference. Why not be friendly?

## Tip-Cat

NOT only are some profiteers "entrenched behind the barbed wire of honours," as Earl Winterton says, but they have done their bit, and hope to keep it dark now that it is knight-time.

Things are getting intolerable: Diamonds are dearer.

The British drama, in a critic's opinion, has always been going to the dogs. This explains why many theatres are advertising howling successes.

A long drop: The waterfall.

When the Premier declares that many men do not realise the world is on the move he forgets that most of them are house-hunting.

Although Lord Allenby urges us to "put the Empire on a pedestal," he would be sorry to see us getting stuck up.

We should not have won the war, Lord Amphill thinks, without the press. 'Twas ever thus. They say we should not have won even Waterloo without the press-gang.

Dock-leaves: Dockers' holidays.

Madame Tetrassini is convinced that there is such a thing as luck. She ought to know; she has had some.

During a strike of roadmen the Middle Class Union has been sweeping the streets. No doubt as a dress rehearsal; at the next election it hopes to sweep the country.

## More High Prices

A DINNER has been given in London to Dr. Montessori, whose original ideas of education have attracted much attention. Tickets for the dinner were 25s. and 35s., from which we gather that the Montessori syllabus does not bother very much about economy.

## A Prayer of Thankfulness

O Lord that lends me life  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness  
SHAKESPEARE

## The Song of a Million Men

By Harold Begbie

THIS is the song of a million men  
Sung to me and you,  
The song of a million Englishmen  
Sturdy and staunch and true:  
*We have saved the world from a living death,  
We have put one big job through,  
And now we are home to claim our prize—  
Give us more work to do!*

WHAT shall we say to these million men  
Home from over the sea?  
They have slain the dragon of fiery wrath,  
They have kept the whole world free;  
What is the work we would have them do?  
They are asking you and me;  
Great was the work that they did for us,  
Great must our answer be.

TAKE our England, you million men,  
Take it and make it yours,  
Purge it white with the wounds and tears  
That the soldier's heart endures;  
Slay our dragons of greed and crime,  
And winnow our threshing floors,  
Till nothing is left uncorrupt of you  
Within these English shores.

THIS is the song of a million men  
As they turn from me and you:  
Glad are we now to march away  
With English work to do:  
*We have saved the world from a living death,  
And now, with God's help, anew  
We'll fashion the world till our Dead  
look down  
And tell us the job is through.*

COME, let us join those million men  
And swell that valiant throng,  
Marching within their glorious ranks  
Till we're forty million strong:  
Come, let us march to the War of God  
Singing our soldiers' song,  
And fight till we've broken the bonds of pain  
And shattered the walls of Wrong.

## Little Pretty Child

This is a picture from a street in England, taken from an article in the Westminster Gazette. Such scenes will be impossible when the Children's Newspaper is twenty-one years old, for we shall drive them from our land.

I saw on the promenade a pretty child as happy as she could be—every lamp-post a thing to swing round, every railing a thing to swing under, every vehicle full of surprise and interest for her.

Suddenly her mother saw her. She was in a drunken rage. "Come 'ere," she said. Then the child's joy was gone. Fear was come in its place. The little girl shrank up to her mother, and pressed tight. The mother shook her off. "Look 'ere, Jane," she hissed, "if yer press me tight like that agen—I'll beat yer."

I've never heard the word "beat" spoken like that before. She meant that she would not merely whip her, but would injure her, and use all her strength upon her.

As I saw that pretty girl walk along now, already beaten in spirit, silent and sad and afraid, although filled with God's sunshine a minute before, and as I heard the passers-by say, "She's bin 'aving a drop," I said to myself, "Mr. Prohibitionist, I am with you. In order to save from drunken cruelty one such little child as that, I would prohibit alcohol to every living soul on earth."



## THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

### Lennox Grey Goes to the Opera

#### OLD LADY AT THE WORKHOUSE PIANO

Off in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

If you happen to be passing by Fulham Road Workhouse in London, in the quiet hours of the afternoon, you may hear a piano, and perhaps an old lady singing an old sweet song. It will be Lennox Grey, a frail old lady of 73, living again through the days of long ago.

Forty-five years ago "Lennox Grey" was a name on the bills of the London theatres, operas, and concert halls. She had played small parts as a child, and then, after being trained in singing by Arthur Sullivan, long before he became Sir Arthur and the most popular composer in England, she appeared in opera and at concert halls, sometimes as a "star" singer at what was then the high salary of ten guineas a week, sometimes in the chorus, and sometimes as an actress.

#### The Old Sweet Songs

It was a merry life, and Lennox Grey enjoyed it heartily; but the theatrical profession is subject to swift changes of fortune, and one of these, a downward change, came when Lennox Grey, who had gone to South Africa with a travelling company, fell ill. Stranded and alone, she lay for five months in a Cape Town hospital; and then, penniless and alone, this old friend of Sir Arthur Sullivan worked her passage home as a stewardess on board ship.

Now, "Lennox Grey," whose real name is Mrs. Gibson, is seeking the rest due to old age in the workhouse in Fulham Road; and, instead of receiving the plaudits of an admiring crowd, as in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, is singing the melodies of her youth to the accompaniment of a piano, while her aged neighbours say how sweet it is to hear the old songs.

#### Remembering Other Days

And the other day there came into the life of Lennox Grey a glorious hour. One of the very kindest men in London, Mr. J. B. Mulholland, who started the great ring of suburban theatres round the metropolis when nobody else would venture on such an enterprise, heard of this old lady in Fulham Road Workhouse and sent his motor car to bring her, with some friends, to one of his theatres. There Lennox Grey sat in a box listening to the opera of today and remembering the days of long ago. It was a gracious thing to do, and the good old lady, we may be sure, went home with a kindly feeling for the modern world.

Alas, we cannot stave off Time's grim reckonings, but we can help the aged to feel that joy may last as long as life, and that they have not been thrust by ill-fortune beyond the warm glow of human sympathy.

#### NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Editor begs readers not to send anonymous letters asking for information through the columns of the paper. It is not always possible to answer questions through the paper, and anonymous correspondents are thus disappointed.

## THE SILENT RAILWAYS

### Quiet Days for James Watt's Centenary

These islands have passed through the quietest days that men remember, with hardly a train running north or south or east or west. Strange that Britain, the motherland of railways, should be without trains in the centenary year of James Watt, the pioneer of trains.

It is difficult to realise, until our railways stop, how much a part of our hourly life they are, and how, from morning till night, the whole energies of a nation depend upon them. Nothing so dramatic has happened in our time as the sudden stopping of all trains; and the days that followed were like in anxiety to the early days of the war.

Men in the country could not get to town. Products from the town could not reach the country. Millions of people were without news for days. Thousands were held up far from home, and the population was at its wits' end to find ways of moving about. Men rode in such vehicles as they had not been in before, but the sudden crisis found out people full of willingness to help, not bothering overmuch about the cause if only we could carry on.

The cause of the sudden strike arose out of the war, out of what seems to

have been a great mistake made by the Government, which gave a standard war bonus of 33s. a week to every man on the railways. The man who used to get 20s. a week—a scandalously low wage, which was a disgrace to the nation—was given in war-time 53s.; the man who got 60s. a week was given 93s.

Now has come the time to drop all war arrangements and regularise all wages, and the strike arises from the difficulty of adjusting war wages to peace time. The men say they cannot take less wages owing to the cost of things; the railway authorities say the railways cannot be run at a profit if the war wages continue.

There the trouble lay, but what astonished everybody was that, though no man could suffer until next year, the railwaymen stopped work suddenly, with the result that the life of the nation was thrown into chaos. All that followed after that was an impressive lesson for the world. We learned once more how each depends upon all, and all upon each. With that remembered, all will be well; with that forgotten, we lose the fruits of all these days of sacrifice, and the promise of peace and better days will be like a broken dream.

## IN SORRY STRAITS



Why not pull together and get the boat across?

## CAN I DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN?

"Can I not do what I like with my own?" is a question that has been asked a thousand times by men whose first wish is to please themselves. The reply is "No; you cannot." Nobody has any right, for example, to waste the world's wealth merely because he thinks it is his.

The truth is being driven home again and again in these days of need and waste. You cannot, without punishment, allow things to be wasted because they are yours. That has been found out by an Isle of Wight farmer who allowed his wheat to remain in ricks till it was eaten by rats and mice. It was his; why should he not thresh it

when he liked? But no, says the law; "it belongs to the wheat harvest of the world; needed by all mankind, for whom you hold it in trust. You have not been faithful to your trust." So they fined him £100.

The lesson is deep and far-reaching. It goes far beyond wheat; or any form of food or worldly possession. What we have or are we have or are as trustees for mankind. The wise and good, the prophets and thinkers have said it long ago, and now the law begins to say it too.

It is right and true, and the law will enforce it more and more as time goes on and civilisation ripens.

## THE MAN WHO TOLD A LIE

### HOW AUSTRIA AND GERMANY MADE THE WAR

#### Whole Truth Out at Last

#### BATTLE INVENTED TO DECEIVE AN EMPEROR

The signing of the Peace by Austria has been the signal for telling the world plainly who began the great war, why they did it, when, and how. It is now quite clear that, as the German Bismarck forged a telegram to start the Franco-German War, so the Austrian Minister, Count Berchtold, told a lie to start the great World War.

Great Britain had always claimed that she did all that was possible up to the very last to prevent war, and this is now completely admitted by Austria and Germany to be true. It is also completely admitted that the rulers of those two countries planned the war, meant to have it, and would not be turned aside from having it.

The official records of the secret arrangements between Austria and Germany for having a war are now published in a Red Book.

#### In the Beginning

This is the story. Before 1914 Austria and Germany had agreed that Austria should dominate the Balkan States as the ally of Germany, and that Germany should back her by force of arms if necessary. In 1914 there was unrest in Bosnia, a part of Austria peopled by Slavs, and Serbia was held to be responsible for it.

Austria, therefore, resolved to give Serbia a lesson by invading her suddenly, and reducing her to a very small State, if not removing her from the map altogether as a State.

To this Germany agreed, and promised her support. The plan was settled before the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, which was afterwards made an excuse for attacking Serbia. When the murder took place Germany insisted that that moment should be seized for crushing Serbia, as the murder could then be made to appear the cause of the attack.

#### The Lie

The scheme now was to pounce on Serbia without declaring war, and to crush her instantly. But Count Tisza of Hungary would not agree. He thought strong demands should be sent to Serbia, who should be allowed to reply, as it would look better.

Great Britain tried hard to find a way out for Serbia; but Germany specially assured Austria that she in no way supported the British efforts to preserve peace. The aged Austrian Emperor was reluctant to declare war, and Count Tisza, representing Hungary, opposed the course that was being taken; but Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, invented an attack by the Serbians on the Austrians which never occurred, and so tricked the Emperor into declaring war in pretended self-defence, as explained on page five.

#### A Manufactured War

When it was clear that Russia would not allow Serbia to be crushed unhelped, and that France would stand by her ally Russia, and Great Britain would stand by France, Germany seems to have had a momentary hesitation; but her plans were all prepared, and she went on.

That is how the British have always said the war began, but the Austrians and Germans were taught to believe otherwise. Now they have found out for themselves that they were tricked by their own rulers, and were used as pawns in a game of ambition which they did not understand. The war did not simply happen; it was manufactured deliberately by Austria and Germany, and their own records prove it.



## Storm-Tossed Nation of Europe

### RUSSIAN PEOPLE AS THEY REALLY ARE

Wonderful Land in which a Prince  
May Put Your Bag in a Train

### SIMPLE FOLK OF THE LAND RUINED BY THE TSARS

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT

The Russians are easy to understand when you live among them, but very difficult to understand if they are judged by what is said and written about them.

This makes writing about them a difficult task, and it would be more difficult still to write about their Revolution. We will therefore leave the Revolution out—not to shirk a difficult task, but because it is merely an episode in their life as a nation, which will not alter their national character. As they were before it, so they will be after it, a puzzle to those at a distance, but an open book when one studies them close to.

Russia is the most easterly country of Europe. It joins Asia; a large part of Russian territory is in Asia. There is a good deal of the East, therefore, in the Russian character. The East does not value time as we do; it does not believe that Man can alter his destiny by his own efforts; it accepts authority even though it may not like it; it considers that the right to think and behave as we choose is more to be sought after than the right to take part in government.

#### Russian and His Freedom

Russia under the Tsars was governed by officials. The People had no say in the management of their political affairs, such as taxation, relations with foreign countries, educating the masses. If anyone who was not an official attempted to stir up the people's interest in these matters, he would be warned first, and then exiled to Siberia. Newspapers which gave trouble would be suppressed.

On the other hand, the Russians had a great deal of freedom to think and behave as they chose. The force known as Public Opinion did not exist in Russia, chiefly because the newspapers were not free to create it. New ideas were not frowned upon or laughed at; they were considered with interest and an open mind. All educated Russians are ready and, as a rule, able to discuss with intelligence the problems of human relations, government, religion, and morality, but they do not often get beyond discussion.

#### Making the World Better

They sit up very late talking about ways of making the world better. About three or four o'clock they determine to set about immediately making a new world. But then, pulling aside the curtains and looking at the weather, they decide that the conditions are not very favourable to make a new world in, so they agree to postpone the effort and go to bed; and the next night they begin again.

They are good-natured, easy-going, friendly folk, ready to do anything for you if it does not give them much trouble, and all without any snobishness or parade of superiority. The cabman will turn round on his box and ask his passenger for a match to light his cigarette with, even though the passenger might be a general or a Cabinet Minister. A peasant talks familiarly with a prince, paying him no respect for his rank.

It is true that in Russia princes are plentiful. In the Caucasus region almost every family claims princely rank; the bootblack on the railway station and the hall-porter in the hotel may be princes. The Royal Princes were called "Grand," to distinguish them from the rest. But even they did not much impress the Russian people, and one of them said he had to go to a Republican country—France—to get the attention due to his exalted position!

#### The Railwayman's Philosophy

The Russian way of taking everything in life just as it comes, without worry or lamentation, does not make them good at overcoming difficulties, or add to their competence, but it keeps them contented. Their highest praise is to say that a man has a "wide nature." By this they mean that he will not let trifles trouble him, and what in their eyes are trifles would often be considered by us very important matters indeed.

For example, there used to be at a small railway station in Russia an assistant ticket-collector. His salary was small, and he made no attempt to rise to a higher post. That man had been immensely rich, had entertained troops of acquaintances, had built his own private theatre, and supported a private orchestra. Thus he spent all his fortune, and when he had nothing left he asked for some situation on the railway, and was appointed assistant ticket-collector.

The British opinion of that man would be that he had behaved as a wastrel, that he ought to have kept his money, and added to it. Nearly all Russians would agree with him. A fortune is a trifle, they would say.

#### Bribes and Vodka

The "wide nature" looked upon the bribery habit which prevailed in Russia as a small matter. There was a regular scale of bribes; unless everyone got what he considered due to him, it was useless to try to do business with government offices. Even at the opera, which was a State establishment, one had to pay a bribe to be allowed to buy a ticket.

This was one of the Eastern features of Russian life which had a very bad effect on the conduct of public business, but to the Russian it was a trifle not worth worrying about.

Drunkenness was another evil which was tolerated in Russia until it became a disaster. The spirit drunk in such enormous quantities was vodka, a poisonous stuff which produced rapid intoxication.

The Government took over the making and selling of it, and by increasing the number of spirit-shops tempted the people to drink, so that the revenue might be larger. Against this wickedness there grew up a strong feeling before the war; the decree forbidding the sale of vodka was the result of this. Even the officials were horrified at what they had done, and the Prime Minister publicly confessed his error.

H. F.

## SOLDIER AND HYPNOTIST

### MIND OF THE OLD AND NEW ARMIES

How the Brain Unconsciously Obeys

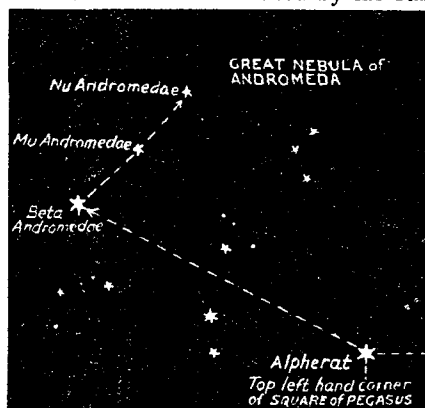
### LESSON FOR ALL FROM THE WAR

One of the relics of the war is that disturbed mental condition which we describe as "nerves." In none is the distress more acute than in the poor soldiers suffering from shell-shock. The best treatment appears to be cure by hypnotism.

What we call our mind is really a double mental function. There is the conscious mind, which acts when we are well and waking, and the subconscious mind, which acts when the conscious mind is sleeping. The subconscious mind might perhaps be likened to a miraculous camera, for it stores, not pictures, but impressions, memories, ideas, and floods our thoughts with them from time to time. It is the subconscious mind which retains the dreadful battle impressions that unseat the nerves of the shell-shocked men.

#### Curious Discovery

The part of the hypnotist is to subdue his patient's conscious mind to sleep, then to work on his subconscious mind; to make suggestions to him, to order him or appeal to him to be happy, easy of mind and spirit. And a good patient, when he awakes from his hypnotic sleep, obeys the orders or suggestions so received. He is dominated by his sub-



The Great Nebula of Andromeda—See next column. Keep this diagram for reference

conscious mind, and is cured. Dr. Myers, who is mainly responsible for the treatment of these cases, has been telling the British Association a curious thing connected with it.

The old soldier, when he is hypnotised for this trouble, responds at once to the word of command, but the men of the new armies, when summarily commanded in the same way to do a certain thing, resent such a manner, and, though under hypnotic influence, are offended at a brusque order, and will not respond. They must be coaxed and wheedled and persuaded before a good result can be obtained.

#### The Independent Man

That is an interesting and valuable light upon our mental processes. The old soldier has long been schooled to military discipline; and his mind, although he does not know it, is impressed and moulded so that he obeys the word of command unquestioningly. The mind of the younger man, accustomed to freedom and independence, is less open to unhesitating obedience, and even in his semi-unconscious moments, the citizen-soldier retains a determination to do as he chooses, quite foreign to the mind of the trained soldier.

So we see the result upon the brain of habit, surroundings, association. We understand how fatally the brain of a child may become impressed by evil counsel from those in charge of it. The human brain receives and stores impressions like a photographic plate; we must see that the impressions it receives are good and wholesome.

## CRADLE OF NEW WORLDS

### Blazing Whirlpools in the Sky

### RIVERS OF LIGHT FOR MILLIONS OF MILES

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Last week the Moon enabled us to locate the great Square of Pegasus, high up in the Eastern sky. Now we may regard its four prominent and almost equi-distant stars as the celestial cross-roads where we meet, on any dark starlight night next week, to thread our way among the sparkling mass and get a glimpse of one of the most glorious objects in the universe.

We must look high up in the East. By consulting last week's star-map it will be seen that the top left-hand star of the Square is Alpherat, and away up to the left is Beta Andromedae. These indicate the main road we follow.

#### Inspiring Sight in the Sky

This week's map shows these stars on a larger scale and an extension of the route to the object of our search. With it we can trace our way to Nu Andromedae, a small star. At the apparent distance of between two and three Moons from it there will be perceived, on the right, an oval patch of faint bluish light—the great Nebula of Andromeda.

It appears to occupy an area about twice that of the Moon, but unless the night be very dark and clear only the bright centre will be visible.

With the unaided eye we can hardly hope to see much of an object at such a distance, but when the giant eye of a great telescope collects the light and projects it on to the sensitive photographic plate in a camera, and does this for perhaps a two-hours' exposure, then a marvel is revealed, which the writer has always found one of the most inspiring and impressive in the sky.

#### Tier upon Tier of Whirling Streams

To begin with, there is a multitude of suns, glittering in myriads between us and the Nebula, not one of which is visible to the unaided eye; and beyond all these, with their light taking thousands of years to reach us, is a marvellous mass of whirling incandescent elements whose light takes a million years to come to Earth.

It takes the form of a spiral, seen partly edgewise so as to appear like an elongated oval with a much brighter nucleus in the centre, which is all the naked eye usually perceives. Thrown off from this are tier upon tier of whirling streams of gaseous matter, stars, and worlds, occupying space millions of times greater than the span of our whole solar system, which is over 5000 million miles in diameter.

#### Such as Earth Came Out of

These streamers are arranged around the globular centre like a vast swirl of "rivers of light," a stupendous whirlpool with myriads of radiant eddies, shimmering with the light of innumerable suns involved in their luminous masses, countless worlds in the making. Dark interspaces—rifts in the whirling mass—permit us here and there to peer into the infinite dark abyss that always stretches beyond.

And, just as the vast distances of many of the stars prevent us from detecting any movement as we watch them, although we know that they are travelling many hundreds of miles a minute, so also is it with this vast vortex. Of such a vortex we were once a part, and this so-called Nebula is but one of ten thousand known to us.

G. F. M.

#### SEARCHLIGHT FOR FIREMEN

A new aid to fighting big fires has been used by the Dundee Fire Brigade. A great searchlight was used to flood parts of the burning building with light, and a fireman working at a height of 400 feet was clearly illuminated, and so helped in his work.



## LADYBIRD GOING TO SLEEP

### A Friend that Saves Us Millions

#### CONQUEROR OF THE GREENFLY THAT EATS THE CROPS

By Our Country Correspondent

Just now you will probably find ladybirds going into some retired spot, where they will remain asleep during the winter. It is a question whether any other insect is so useful to man, particularly in this country and in America.

Many a time it has saved millions and millions of pounds by destroying the aphids, or greenfly, and saving the crops; and even where in one year it has arrived too late to do this, it has, by killing off the greenfly at the end of the season, saved the country from devastation in the following season.

#### Larva That Eats the Greenfly

The ladybird is, of course, a beetle, but it is in the larva stage that it does such splendid work for us. The female lays her eggs on some infested twig or leaf, and when these hatch out into little grey creatures something like miniature woodlice, they begin to devour the greenflies at an astonishing rate. If a few are placed on a bush infested with the pest, they clear it in a day or two.

Very little is known about its hibernation in this country, although in America the creature is regarded as so valuable that a whole Government department has made its habits a subject of special study. The hibernating ladybirds are collected in millions in the Rocky Mountains and brought down into the Californian orchards in time to save the crops from the greenflies.

That wonderful work of the United States Government is one of the romances of entomological science, but we have not yet learned in this country to do things so wisely, and to take so much trouble in a matter of vital importance.

#### Two-Spot and Seven-Spot

The numbers of the ladybirds depend upon the prevalence of greenfly. If there is a plague of aphids, then the ladybirds come in swarms, and sometimes they redden the fields and even the seashore. They have actually been known to swarm into houses in such numbers as to make the rooms uninhabitable on account of the smell they emit. This is caused by a yellowish liquid which comes from the joints of the limbs.

There are more than twenty species of ladybirds found in Britain, but the two-spot and the seven-spot are the most familiar.

At dusk we may often hear the hum of the dor beetle, or dumble dor, as it flies about in circles seeking for a suitable place in which to lay its eggs; and the owls find the violet-black insect a dainty morsel, as proved by the pellets which are seen near their roosting-places, and which contain the remains of dors. Crows and kestrels, too, are fond of the beetle, which in some parts is known as the flying watchman.

#### Last Birds of Summer

The summer birds are nearly all gone, and the last of the swallows and martins are on the wing for the sunny south. But as some compensation we have winter visitors, and among them are the various geese, one of the most interesting being the white-fronted goose which nests in the Arctic regions, and visits us at this time for the winter. It is easily distinguished from its relatives by the white forehead.

The leaves of the elm and hazel are now yellow, and those of the walnut, maple, ash, beech, Lombardy poplar, and elder are falling fast. The Virginia creeper is also losing its leaves, while those of the dogwood are turning red. C. R.

## AN INSECT AND ITS DAY'S WORK

### Inventors and Artisans in Nature's Little Kingdom

Our good friend Mr. Edward Step has written a charming book called "Insect Artisans and their Work," published by Hutchinsons, at 7s. 6d. net. The book is full of fresh facts.

Mr. Step has made clever use of an old idea in comparing insects with human artisans.

Spinners and weavers are represented by silkworms and some other caterpillars, such as those of the puss moth. Those of the lackey moth combine to weave a common tent.

Miners are anticipated by many solitary bees, and it is an extraordinary fact that a tiny buffwing wasp only half an inch long can make a tunnel about a yard into the earth.

Masons are also to be found among bees and wasps, some of which make nests of mud and sand moistened with a juice from their mouth. But the white ants were the original inventors, as Mr. Step says, of sky-scrapers, some of which reach a height of 20 feet.

Carpenters are well represented by certain wood-ants which carve out galleries and corridors, with pillars and partitions, inside old tree-stumps. The bark beetles make galleries underneath

the bark of trees, especially if these are beginning to be sickly; and most people have heard, if they have not seen, the death watch that bores holes in the wood of houses. The male makes a tapping noise as a signal to his mate.

The carder bee is an upholsterer, lining with cotton-wool the tunnel which some other insect has made, while the leaf-cutter bee surrounds its cells with crescents cut from the rose and other bushes.

Wax-workers are anticipated by hive-bees; paper-makers by wasps; tailors by bagworms and the caterpillars of clothes moths.

So Mr. Step continues in a highly interesting way. Gardeners and farmers have their predecessors in agricultural ants and harvester ants; health officers are anticipated by insects that keep the earth clean and wholesome; and musicians by crickets and cicadas.

The idea Mr. Step works with is a very interesting one, well worth keeping in the mind, that man is not alone in his many inventions, and that millions of years before he appeared on the scene there were humbler artisans doing an honest day's work, often with much skill.

## FOOD-BILL IN AN EAGLE'S NEST

There has appeared in the Times a letter from Sir John Edwards-Moss concerning the food that eagles eat.

There were two parent eagles and a chick in the nest, and in 22 days the adult birds carried up nine hares, 15 rabbits, 33 grouse, two ptarmigan, a rat, and a small bird. From these figures Sir John calculates that a normal family of eagles would require about one hundredweight of flesh a month.

Startling figures—over 20 times as much as our meat ration will allow us per head this winter! Now it is proposed that eagles should be protected from destruction all the year round, and at that Sir John protests, on the plea that we cannot afford to support eagles at such a cost in food, and that, even if protection made these birds numerous, few people ever see one.

What would this gentleman say if, because deer destroy farmers' crops,

because hares and rabbits are a pest to agriculture, because pheasants and partridges are incorrigible robbers of the cornfields, it were proposed to destroy them all? How many eagles have we in the kingdom to eat flesh at the rate he works out?

He might as reasonably demand the slaughter of all the Carnivora in our British Zoos because of the quantity of flesh they daily eat.

We have multitudes of foxes, ravenous, voracious, blood-thirsty pillagers of poultry-yards, each of them far more destructive than an eagle. Could we not reduce their numbers and spare half-a-dozen eagles? But no, grouse and hares and rabbits are to be shot for sport; foxes are to be preserved that men may enjoy hunting them to death. And the poor eagles must perish if Sir John has his way. We fancy, however, that he will not.

## NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, October 12. Black figures indicate next day.

	Sunday	Tuesday	Thursday
Sunrise ..	6.19 a.m.	6.22 a.m.	6.25 a.m.
Sunset ..	5.14 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	5.5 p.m.
Moonrise ..	6.57 p.m.	8.57 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Moonset ..	11.14 a.m.	1.1 p.m.	2.9 p.m.
High Tide ..	3.32 p.m.	5.2 p.m.	6.57 p.m.

Next Week's Moon

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue to earth up celery and prepare material for protecting the plants from frost. Take up carrots and store in sand.

Most kinds of apples and pears may now be gathered. As many kinds of apples become sweeter after gathering, it is well to give ventilation until this condition is over.

Take up and protect from frost any plants that will not withstand the winter, such as dahlias, cannas, fuchsias, lobelias, pelargoniums. The beds should also be cleared of all summer bedding plants, and, after being edged and dug, planted with violas, and such flowers.

## CLEMENCEAU AND OUR MEN

### Glowing Tribute to the English-Speaking Race

The great Prime Minister of France has made another great speech in his Parliament, and it is thrilling to read what he said, with deep emotion, of the heroic English-speaking troops.

He was answering a criticism that the British Dominions have too many votes on the League of Nations, and he answered it with warmth.

"Are we," he exclaimed, "to refuse to these men, to Mr. Hughes, to Sir Robert Borden, to Mr. Massey, the gratitude we owe them? They belong to the Empire, but the same blood is in their veins. Never would England secure from them a vote contrary to the interests of their own countries. Well, I have found them to be friends of France. Must there not have been something in the minds and hearts of these men from the confines of the Pacific to induce them to spring to arms and to come to us to equal in courage anything known in history?"

## TREMENDOUS WEALTH OF SOUTH AFRICA

### A Thousand Years of Coal

General Smuts has started his premiership with a tour at the Cape, and his speeches have stirred much enthusiasm.

He called upon South Africa to set aside all thoughts of discord, and to make a new start, with toleration, reconciliation, and more brotherly love. "Our white population in South Africa," said he, "is too small to be divided."

Then he went on to give a graphic description of the immense wealth of South Africa, the greatest mining country in the world. It was gold that took white people to South Africa, but General Smuts knows that it is coal that will keep them there. "There is one continuous coalfield here and in Rhodesia," he said, "which will not be exhausted in a thousand years, and in the long run will be far more valuable than gold or diamonds."

## THE TRAMP GOES OUT

The tramp is leaving America. The newspapers of the big cities, canvassing the cheap lodging-houses, find that they are practically deserted by the stream of loafers who used to linger about them for a few days to enjoy the fruits of their begging. The arrests for vagrancy are steadily decreasing, the workhouses are half empty, and all the usual signs of ne'er-do-wellness seem to be disappearing. It is one of the first results of Prohibition and the shutting up of the saloons.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S BIG FISH

Phyllis Spender Clay, the 13-year-old daughter of the M.P. for Tonbridge, has made what is believed to be the biggest fish caught with a fly for over 30 years in the River Spey. It was a salmon weighing 47 pounds.

## A SHOP ON WHEELS

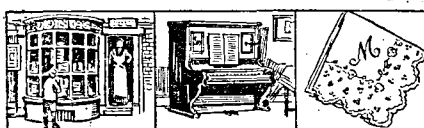
The first motor shop has made its appearance, and is touring in Texas. It is a complete grocery store on wheels, and, instead of people having to go to a shop to buy their groceries, the groceries arrive in the shop-on-wheels at their own door.

The motor shop is six feet wide and fourteen feet long, and inside are invitingly displayed meats, groceries, and green vegetables. The inventor claims that his customers can be supplied at lower prices than the extensively maintained shops can afford.

## ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



La tente La balle La lampe



Le magasin Le piano Le mouchoir

La tente garantit du soleil.  
Il faut une balle pour jouer au cricket.  
A quelle heure allume-t-on la lampe?  
Qu'y a-t-il dans la vitrine du magasin?  
Laure joue admirablement du piano.  
Voici le mouchoir de Marie.

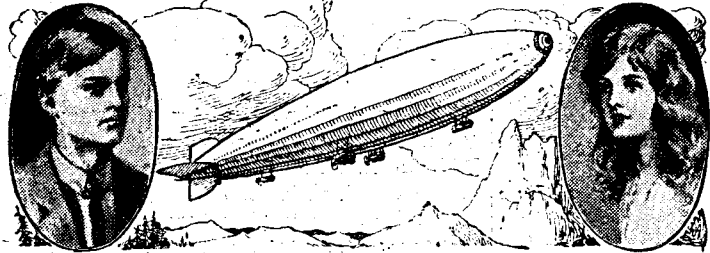
## LE GLAND ET LA CITROUILLE

Un paysan était couché au pied d'un grand chêne. Tout en admirant le tronc énorme et les branches puissantes du monarque de la forêt, il ne put s'empêcher de penser que la Nature avait fait erreur en donnant à ce bel arbre un fruit tout petit, le gland.

« De telles branches pourraient bien supporter des citrouilles », se dit le paysan. Juste à ce moment, un gland se détacha de l'arbre et lui tomba sur le nez. Il le sentit à peine, mais il fut forcé d'avouer qu'il aimait mieux que ce ne fût pas une citrouille.



# THE SKY RIDERS



## A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

### What Has Happened Before

Mr. Martin Hamer has built a model of an ingenious new type of airship, and the first people to see this are his son, Cyril Hamer, and Cyril's great chum, Stella Earle.

Stella's uncle, Mortimer Carne, the millionaire-owner of the great Ajax Steel Works, who is also Mr. Hamer's employer, offers \$750 for the model and all rights, which Cyril's father, who has patented all his drawings and specifications, does not accept. Carne becomes furious, and the interview ends with Mr. Hamer no longer in his employ.

Bertram Kent, who had been a partner of Carne, and who was thought to be dead, turns up, and tells Mr. Hamer that he has wealthy friends who will build the full-size dirigible. He is shown the model.

During the night following his visit the plans of the ship are stolen.

Money getting scarce, Mr. Hamer and Cyril are compelled to move into a small cottage. Three months pass and nothing more is discovered of the burglary, and meanwhile nothing definite is heard from Kent.

Stella is stolen by a mysterious visitor in a huge airship resembling the model, and Carne accuses Mr. Hamer of the crime.

Cyril tells him of Kent's visit some months previously.

The ironmaster gives a deep groan. "Years ago Bertram Kent swore to get even with me. Without a doubt it is he who has stolen Stella," he says.

### CHAPTER 6

#### Cyril Takes Charge

"It was Kent. Not a doubt of it," declared Cyril. Now that the ironmaster had calmed down a little, Cyril could find it in his heart to be sorry for him, for the unfortunate man looked desperately miserable.

His big face was flabby, his eyes bloodshot, and his hair, generally so smoothly brushed, stood on end, giving him a curiously unkempt appearance.

"Yes," he went on. "Kent must have had the idea in his head for a long time past. Before you came in, Mr. Carne, I was just saying to Father that I did not believe he ever had any idea of finding us a purchaser. No, he only came here so as to look round, and find where the plans were kept. Then he stole them; he has had the new ship constructed somewhere in secret, and used her to carry off Stella. But tell us about it. When did he do it, and how?"

"Little more than an hour ago. I had come out of the works for tea when I noticed an airship moving rapidly away in an easterly direction. Something about her shape seemed familiar, and, going back into my office, I got a pair of glasses and had a look at her. Then I saw that she was on the lines of the model which your father showed me three months ago, and I wondered who had put up the money for building her."

He paused a moment.

"I walked across to my own house, and the first person who met me was my butler Pitts. He looked frightened. 'Miss Stella can't be found anywhere,' he said."

"I rushed up to the schoolroom, then to her own room. She was nowhere to be found. We searched the grounds. At the end of the

garden, near the paddock, we found Miss Sheringham, Stella's governess, lying insensible. She had been drugged. We got her round as quickly as possible, and from her I heard the truth at last.

"She and Stella had seen the airship descend in the paddock behind the trees which cut it off from the road. Naturally they had gone to look at it. At once two masked men rushed at them. A rug was flung over Miss Sheringham's head, and this stifled her screams. After that she knows nothing, but she has no doubt that the scoundrels carried off Stella in the airship."

"And what have you done?" demanded Cyril. "What steps have you taken?"

"None," said Mr. Carne confusedly. "I came here at once."

"What! You have not sent anyone after Kent?"

"How could I? The police can't catch an airship."

"You should have called up the Holton aerodrome. They would have sent a plane up."

"I never thought of it."

"Then let us do it at once. It may not be too late."

He ran out. His father and Mr. Carne followed.

"It's too late, I fear," said Mr. Hamer gravely. "It is quite dark."

Carne groaned. It was true. The thick gloom of a dull October evening hung over the town. An airship might have passed overhead without anyone being the wiser.

They hurried after Cyril, to find him already at the telephone. The answer was that it was too thick for any plane to go up. Cyril did not despair. He got on to the trunk line and called up Hendon. There it was finer, and they promised to send up a machine.

Then Cyril got on to Scotland Yard, and asked the police to warn all parts of England, especially the south-east. The boy simply took charge; he fairly amazed Carne by his resource and quickness.

The hours dragged by. The Hendon plane saw nothing, but towards midnight they had news from Brighton that the sound of engines had been heard overhead.

"Then Kent's crossed the Channel," said Cyril decidedly.

"Gone to France, I suppose?" said Carne despondingly.

"No; France is far too civilised," replied Cyril quickly. "He's gone a lot farther than that. Spain more likely, or—"

"Didn't you say he'd been in Morocco?"

"Yes," Carne answered. "He went there when he and I broke up."

"Then that's where he's gone," declared Cyril.

"What, would she fly as far?" asked Carne.

"It depends upon her size," Mr. Hamer answered. "If she was built to my specifications she could easily fly to India or the Cape without refilling her tanks."

"Great Heavens! Then this scoundrel may be carrying Stella into the very heart of Africa for all we know," said Carne unhappily.

"It's quite likely," allowed Cyril. "We shall have to follow."

"How?" asked the ironmaster. "Build another dirigible," replied Cyril briefly.

Carne stared at the boy. "I never thought of that," he said slowly.

Carne turned to Mr. Hamer. "How long would it take?" he demanded.

"That depends upon the number of men. If you put on your whole force she could be ready in a month."

Carne considered a moment. Then he brought his great fist down with a crash upon the table. "We'll do it!" he said.

### CHAPTER 7

#### The Building of the Avenger

Next day passed, and the wires were busy. Wireless messages, too, were being flung broadcast. About midday news came that early in the morning a large dirigible had been seen passing over the Pyrenees at a great height.

"I was right," said Cyril. "Kent is making for Africa."

Carne groaned again.

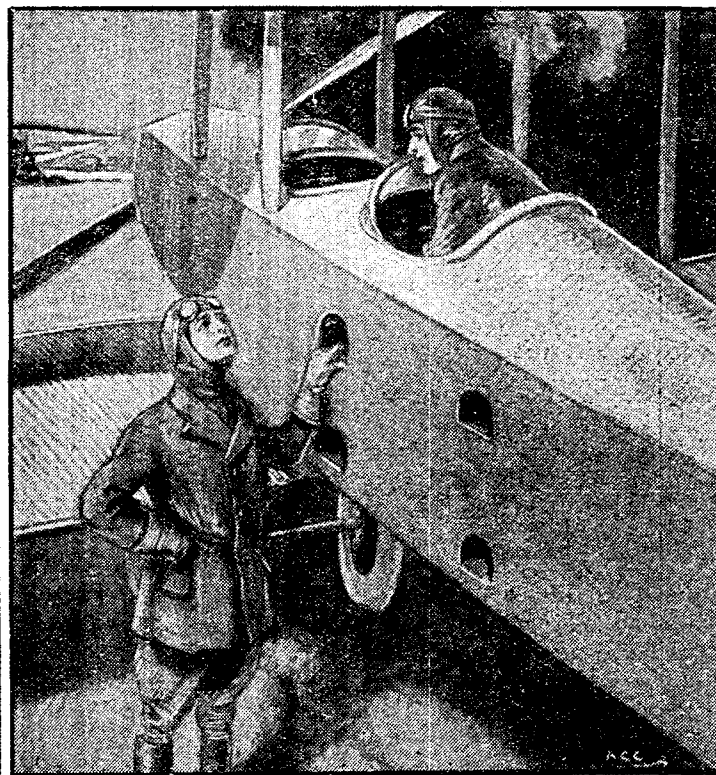
"My poor Stella! What will they do with her?"

"She'll come to no harm," said Cyril stoutly. "Kent will hold her to ransom. We shall hear from him sooner or later."

Carne ground his teeth and muttered something under his breath. Cyril felt that Kent would have a poor time of it if Stella's uncle ever got him into his clutches.

Now that the first shock was over, the ironmaster pulled himself together. That afternoon he began to mobilise his forces. Then he went and found Mr. Hamer, who was busy in his shabby little workroom.

"Get out your plans, Hamer," he said. "And let's have the model. I mean to build the new airship as quickly as my works can do it."



Cyril and Tim went every day to Holton Aerodrome, where they were learning to handle not only dirigibles but aeroplanes

She shall be called the Avenger. I don't care if I have to put every man-jack in the place on the work, or to scrap every contract I have in hand. Get to your plans. You shall have no reason to call me a niggard, and if we find Stella, I'll make your fortune for you!"

Mr. Hamer looked up.

"I am already busy with the new drawings," he said quietly. "The model is at your service. As for making my fortune, I am going into this not for your sake, but because my boy and I love Stella."

Carne scowled.

"You talk very straight, Hamer," he said, "and I dare say I deserve it. But so long as you give me your help, that is all I want."

He went away, and that evening he came in again, bringing an agreement drawn up by a lawyer.

"Glance through this, Hamer," he said gruffly. "And if you think it is fair, sign it."

Mr. Hamer read it through.

"It is more than fair," he answered. "If you will ask your secretary to come in and act as witness, I will sign at once."

This was done, and next day work began in earnest. The whole resources of the great Ajax Works were put at Mr. Hamer's disposal. What was more, Carne insisted on the Hamers moving from their cottage into a house of his own close to the works. He got back Mrs. Vince to do the housekeeping and cooking, and made everything as easy as before it had been difficult.

Once he had made up his mind, the way he drove forward was amazing. Shifts worked night and day, large premiums were offered to the men themselves for quick work, while the very best artificers were collected for each special job.

Mr. Hamer, up to his eyes in work, did not notice that Cyril was away half the time. He never saw Cyril and Tim M'Keown drive off very early each morning in Mr. Carne's own car. He would have been startled if he had known that the place they went to every day was Holton Aerodrome, where the pair were both learning how to handle not only dirigibles, but planes.

Both learned wonderfully quickly, but Tim fairly amazed his instructors by his cleverness. Inside ten days he could make a landing like an old pilot.

"Faith, 'tis the finest game in the world!" Tim told Cyril. "I feel I can make thim things do anything except talk."

## THE FISHERMAN

A fisherman on angling bent. One sunny morning left his tent. The tent A

He took his can, and very quick He dug his fishworms with a pick. The pick B The worms C

He thought he'd try for bass and smelt, And fixed his fishbag to his belt. The belt D The bag E

In case some fish of size he'd get, He took along his landing-net. The landing-net F

As fishermen get very dry, They always have a flask hard by. The flask G

Some lines he took along on spools, To use them for the finny schools. The spools H I J

He had some entertaining books Containing highly tempered hooks. The hooks K L

And thus prepared he got his boat, And out upon the stream did float. The boat M

Whene'er the wind began to fail, He used the paddle with the sail. The paddle N

He stopped to fish among the sedge, A rail or so below the bridge. The bridge O

One of his lines spun off the reel, He landed in the boat an eel. The eel P

Then quickly it began to rain, But his umbrella was in vain. The umbrella Q

Above his head the thunder crashed, And all around the lightning flashed. The lightning R

The storm blew and the boat upset, The man went down into the wet. The upturned boat S

And as he sank, the bubbles rose, Smaller and smaller toward the close. The bubbles T

him. And where do you think he's hiding himself, Mister Cyril?"

"Somewhere in the Sahara. That's my notion," replied Cyril. "You know it's not all desert by a long chalk. There are oases, as they call them, places where there are wells and springs and trees. Some are as big as an English county. My notion is that he has established himself in one of these."

"'Tis a mighty big place to look for him," remarked Tim thoughtfully, as he stared at a big map of North Africa which hung on the wall. "I'll be like looking for a needle in a rickyard."

"Not a bit of it," answered Cyril, confidently. "Remember we can see hundreds of square miles at once, and a dirigible can't be hidden behind a rock or under a palm tree."

While they talked the door was flung open, and Mr. Carne stalked in. "Where's your father, Cyril?" he asked, so sharply that Cyril realised at once that there was something wrong.

"In the inner room. What is it, Mr. Carne?"

"I have heard from Kent," replied the big man, and his voice was hoarse with anger. "A letter has just come from him."

"Where is he?"

"The post-mark is Algiers. There is no date, and no trace, of course, as to where the scoundrel is really hiding himself."

"And Stella—what does he say about Stella?" asked Cyril eagerly. "Is she safe? Is she well?"

"So far she is safe," answered Carne, in a voice which shook in spite of all his efforts to control it. "But, oh!"

He stopped short. A gust of rage seized him, and he stood shaking his clenched fist, unable to speak for very fury.

TO BE CONTINUED





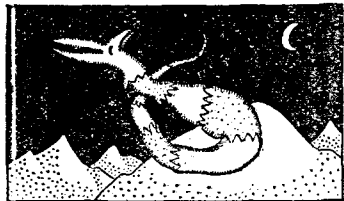
# A Blithe Heart Makes a Cheerful Face



## Dr. MERRYMAN

"HENRY, how is the plot of that sea novel running?"  
 "Well, just at this chapter there is a terrible storm, and the passengers are afraid the boat will go to the top."  
 "You mean to the bottom?"  
 "No. This is a submarine."

### The Zoo That Never Was



#### The Finitit

I ALWAYS very curious grow  
 When I come on a Finitit;  
 If it were pulled, I'd like to know  
 What we'd discover in it!

#### Is Your Name Fletcher?

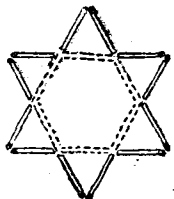
THEN one of your ancestors held  
 the important office in the old  
 days of fletcher, or fledger, to some  
 lord. His duty was to fit the feathers  
 to the arrows, and from being known  
 as the fledger he came to have  
 Fletcher as a surname.

#### Poser

WILL the hum-drum if the horn-  
 pipe?

#### The Star Puzzle

ARRANGE 18 matches in the form  
 of a six-pointed star with a  
 hexagon in the  
 centre, as in our  
 sketch. Now re-  
 move the six  
 matches indi-  
 cated by the  
 dotted lines, and  
 so arrange them  
 that the star  
 contains six dia-  
 monds of equal size. *Solution next week.*



### Quizzing Quixote

QUIXOTE Quicksight quizzed a  
 queerish quidbox;  
 Did Quixote Quicksight quiz a  
 queerish quidbox?  
 If Quixote Quicksight quizzed a  
 queerish quidbox,  
 Where's the queerish quidbox  
 Quixote Quicksight quizzed?

WHAT is it that is light as a  
 feather, yet you cannot hold it  
 for five minutes?  
 Your breath.

#### A Useful Index

IN a former edition of the Ency-  
 clopaedia Britannica when  
 William Cobbett looked up Birch  
 tree in the index, he found the  
 entry "Birch Tree—see Betula."  
 He turned to Betula and found:  
 "Betula—see Birch Tree."

#### A Printer's Error

THE poet wrote a sonnet  
 "To the Dimple on her Chin,"  
 And sent it to the paper  
 With a note "Please put it in."  
 Next morning he was frantic,  
 And he swore it was a sin,  
 When he found his sonnet headed  
 "To the Pimple on her Chin."

#### The Pagoda

A FAMOUS headmaster was once  
 visiting a farmer who had built  
 a summer house in the form of a  
 pagoda, and took the master to  
 see it. The summer house adjoined  
 the pig-sty.  
 "Well, what do you think of  
 it?" asked the farmer.  
 "I think it is a very nice pagoda;  
 in fact, I think it is a very nice  
 pig-odour indeed."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE  
 The names represented by the puzzle  
 pictures were Augustus and Dora.

## Adventures of Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

### CHAPTER ONE

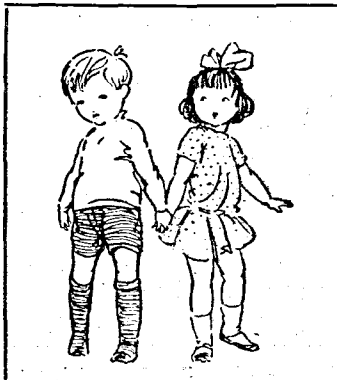
NEARLY all Aunts are nice people, but Aunt Humpty was one of the others. That would not have mattered, only she happened to be Hoity Toity's Aunt, and Molly Coddle's. Even that would not have mattered so much, only they had to live with her.

They had to live with her because their father and mother, who were in South Africa, sent them to her when the war started, thinking the children would be safer in England then, and Hoity was only four, and Molly three.

The grown-up friends who brought them over the sea told them that Aunt Humpty had servants and a lovely house and plenty of money; and they found she had the servants and the house, but if she had the money she must have hidden it and did not like to spend much.

She was the kind of Aunt who made you take your boots off in the hall, directly you came in, and put your slippers on, for fear of dirtying the carpet; and if you spilt anything on the tablecloth she would not let you have jam for tea.

Father used to post her a cheque every now and then, and meant part of it for Hoity and part for Molly, but instead of giving them their shares, Aunt Humpty would change it



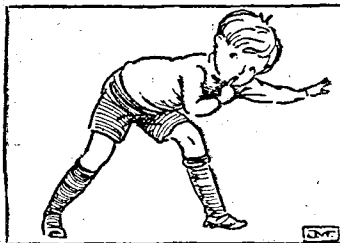
Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle



The money boxes stood high up on the bedroom mantelpiece



Hoity whispered fiercely in her ear, and warned her to be silent



and allow them each sixpence a week, but kept a penny or even twopence out of that if they broke things.

She did not really what-you-could-call give them any of the sixpence, except a penny for sweets when she was in a good temper; she used to put it all into two big money-boxes for them, and the money-boxes stood on her bedroom mantelpiece, locked, where you could not touch even the outsides of them without climbing on a chair.

"A penny saved is a penny gained," was Aunt Humpty's motto. She was that sort of Aunt.

"I'm not going to stand any more of it," grumbled Hoity. He had said that before, but this time he seemed to mean it. "No jam yesterday, no supper last night, and none to-night, and she says she'll take threepence this week for that little chip off the sugar-basin. I've made up my mind."

"What is it?" asked Molly.

He frowned at her, glanced round to make sure nobody else could hear, then whispered fiercely in her ear.

"Hoity!" she exclaimed, dreadfully startled. "Oh, you mustn't—you won't!"

"I will!" said Hoity firmly, warning her to be silent.

And just as he said it Aunt Humpty stalked into the room.

More Next Week

## The Just Judge

A young orphan boy of five was placed in charge of a very strict guardian, a clergyman, who brought him up in the severest manner; but at 17 he was sent to Oxford University to be trained for the Church, and he threw off a good many of the restraints of his youth and lived a rather gay life.

The new life proved so attractive to him that he gave up the idea of becoming a clergyman, and intended to join the army of the Prince of Orange. A lawyer, however, whom he had consulted on business, persuaded him to take up a legal career.

He eventually entered at Lincoln's Inn, and from a life of gay pleasure he turned to hard work, remaining at his books for sixteen hours a day, and studying not only law but mathematics, physics, anatomy, and physiology.

He was duly called to the Bar, and later the young lawyer became a member of Parliament, where his great ability led Cromwell to favour him. He was chosen as one of a committee under the Commonwealth to consider the revision of the law, and in 1654 was made a judge.

His impartiality, honesty, and fairness were without a flaw in an age when few judges failed to show bias and take bribes.

He had much to do with bringing about the restoration of Charles II., and under that monarch was knighted and made Lord Chief Justice. One day a duke who had a case pending visited him privately to put his evidence before him, but the judge refused to listen, saying that he considered cases only in open court. The duke was furious, and complained to the King, who laughingly told him to keep quiet, "for," said he, "I verily believe he would use me no better should I try to solicit his interest in a case."

Richard Baxter said of this judge, "he was most precisely just, inasmuch as I believe he would have lost all that he had in the world rather than do an unjust act." Once when a rich plaintiff sent him some venison, he insisted upon paying its full worth in case it might be regarded as a bribe.

His charity was most generous, and he gave to all who needed, irrespective of their political or religious opinions. During the Commonwealth he befriended Royalists, and under the Restoration helped Puritans. He was at the head of his profession, and was acknowledged to be the most profound lawyer of his time.

Finally ill-health came, and he resigned his office, dying on Christmas Day 1676. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Master Inquisitive was Blaise Pascal

## Jacko Tries an Experiment

"Lend me an egg, Cook," said Jacko, running into the kitchen.  
 "I want to try an experiment."

"I know the kind of experiments you try," retorted Cook.

"Well, will you lend me a plate?" begged Jacko.

"I'll lend you nothing," said Cook. "Be off with you!"

Jacko walked off slowly, grumbling as he went. But he didn't give up the idea, and that afternoon he crept back to the kitchen, and hunted till he found what he wanted. Then he went in to the hall, and searched in the Master's golf-bag for a ball.

He rushed off upstairs and bumped into Chimpy, who was sliding cheerfully down the banisters.

Jacko beckoned him mysteriously, and when they were safely in the dining-room and the door was shut, he pulled out first the egg, then the plate, and then the golf-ball.

"Remember those Japanese jugglers at the concert?" he said. And Chimpy nodded.

"Well," said Jacko, "I'm going to practise the trick. It's simple enough. You throw up the things, one after the other, you know, and keep 'em going."

And up in the air went the plate, up went the egg, and up went the golf-ball. But instead of going round and round like a catherine wheel something happened. Bang! Smash! Whirr!





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CHIMPANZEE'S RIDE. LITTLE FLIERS & LITTLE PLAYERS. ANTI-PROFITEER C.O.



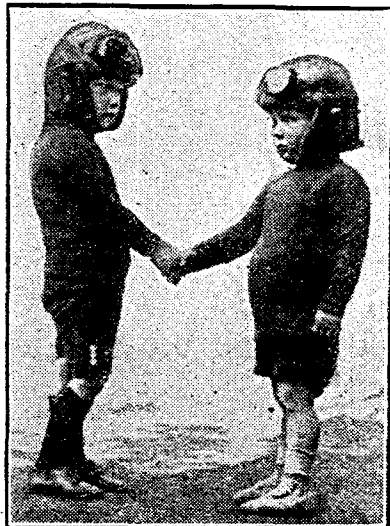
To stop the profiteer: Mr. W. J. Hands, who is working the Profiteering Act



New way of seeing the Alps—R.A.F. official photograph of aeroplanes flying over the mountain peaks in North Italy. See page four



General Deniken, who has recovered one-fourth of Russia from the Bolsheviks



Shaking hands before flying  
Two young fliers at Hendon



Chimpanzee riding a motor-cycle in London



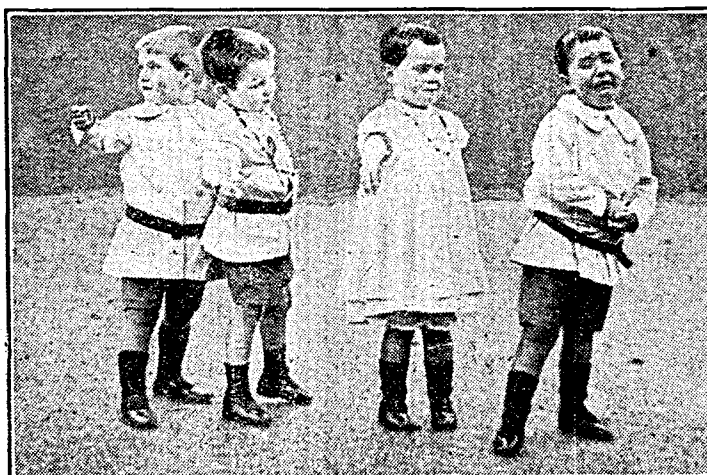
Schoolboys' big push—Hertford school party playing push-ball



At school among the ruins—near Kennel Hill, Belgium



The largest mastiff, with its little friend, at Altringham Dog Show



Five little men and a pessimist—A race among the boys at the oldest orphanage in England, the Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill, London, in which the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Horace Marshall, is the moving spirit. See page four

